

# THE LADIES' PEARL.

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*For the Ladies' Pearl.*

## THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.

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BY DANIEL WISE.

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CHAPTER I.  
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'Tis a common tale,

An ordinary sorrow of man's life,  
A tale of silent suffering, hardly clothed  
In bodily form.—But without further bidding,  
I will proceed.—*Wordsworth.*

A few years since, circumstances led me to pass a few days in one of the most beautiful and flourishing of our New England villages. Its whereabouts cannot be of the smallest possible consequence to the reader; while its mention might give umbrage to the parties not unfamiliar with the subjoined narrative. I had spent a day or two at the hospitable residence of a respected friend; and had just finished reading the columns of a country paper, when, my friend having closed his office, came into the parlor and proposed a walk through the village and its environs. To this I willingly acceded, and in a few minutes we were in the principal street. There was nothing peculiar to the place meriting particular description: a fine grass-grown square, surrounded with large white houses; and streets leading from its four sides, composed the village proper; while a few clusters of houses gathered round a mill or manufactory, formed its suburbs.

Passing along the square into one of the streets, we came to a very old build-

ing standing back a few rods from the road. It evidently had belonged to the ancient occupants of the soil, the sturdy pioneers who braved the forest and the foe to carry civilization and liberty where barbarism and ignorance had reigned for ages. But it was now sadly dilapidated: its huge stack of chimneys had partially fallen; the roof was broken in; the shingles lay in heaps on the ground, and the old clapboards, splintered and torn, seemed to be the sport of every wild breeze that passed; its windows were all woefully shattered; the fences were destroyed; and rank thistles filled the garden in front. Surrounded by neat, white buildings on all sides, it looked like desolation in Paradise; and I could not avoid pausing to heave a sigh over a scene of ruin, where, thought I, as bright hopes have dwelt and as merry voices rung as in the gayest houses of the village. After indulging my own reflections for a few moments, I remarked to my friend: 'This old house is but an emblem of ourselves: once, it was the object of admiration; the abode of bright hopes and warm hearts; now, it is a pile of unsightly ruins, desolate and forsaken by man: a condition its ancient owners probably never imagined, when, elate with prosperity, they raised its massive beams from the ground and gathered round its capacious hearth, to spend the winter eve in jocund merriment.'

'True,' replied my friend, 'it is a fitting emblem of our frailty; of our early hopes,

and of our end; but there are sad memories connected with this old pile: could its worm-eaten timbers find a tongue, they would tell tales of bitter anguish, that would make the thoughtless passer-by stop and tremble for his own destiny.'

'Indeed!' said I, my curiosity being awakened by my friend's remark; 'but are there none who have preserved its history? Can none of your elder inhabitants acquaint us with the troubles of its now quiet owners?'

My friend smiled sadly, and answered: 'To know the history of the Dantons is, I suppose, impossible. Their sorrows were chiefly of a domestic character; and they were too proud and too reserved to make confidants of their neighbors. The leading facts, however, are known to me, for I have always taken a melancholy interest in their fate, and with the history of the last relics of this family, I am familiar.'

'Then,' said I, with considerable eagerness, 'a truce to our walk; let us return, and, seated in your parlor, I will listen to the story.'

'Nay, not now,' replied he; 'let us rather finish our walk: to-night I will read it to you.'

'Read it! What, is it in print then?' I exclaimed.

'No, sir; but I have gathered up the facts, and, for my own satisfaction, committed them to the keeping of a manuscript; if I may trespass on your patience until evening, I will read it to you, and to my family, who have not yet heard it?'

Of course, I readily assented, and we continued our walk. Immediately after tea, my friend produced his manuscript, and read the following story.

At a very early period in the history of New England, Richard Danton, Esq. emigrated from Great Britain. He purchased a large tract of land in this town; and he and his heirs and successors were for many years the principal men of the place.

By degrees, however, their numbers declined. Misfortune entered the family, and it experienced many very serious pecuniary losses. The last Mr Danton, notwithstanding all this, inherited a very pretty estate, consisting of the Danton house and a fine farm of more than two hundred acres. But he was a very profligate and idle man, addicted to every species of vice, and especially to gambling. Out of a fine family of six sons and a daughter, all the sons fell victims to a father's example, and perished untimely. The father himself, after impoverishing his estate, died at the age of fifty, leaving a widow and one daughter, named Maria.

Except these bare facts, little is now known of the Danton family; but the sorrows of 'poor Dame Danton,' as she was familiarly called, are better understood. It is her sufferings, therefore, that are chiefly matter of record in this manuscript.

The good dame found herself stripped of nearly every thing, at the death of her husband, by his rapacious creditors. All that remained to her was the ancient homestead, with its garden in front, and a small orchard behind. The troubles of her past life, had chastened her spirit, and led her to seek consolation under her misfortunes in the truths of christianity. Upheld by their influence, she bowed under the stroke; resigning herself to her condition, she devoted herself to the care and instruction of her daughter Maria, who was about ten years of age at her father's death.

Perhaps, the first nine years of her widowhood were the happiest of her life. Her orchard and garden, together with her labors at the needle, supplied her with the means of comfortable existence. Her life, which had been like the uneven course of the boisterous torrent, now flowed smoothly and tranquilly like the deep, broad river; and she promised her-

self a quiet old age and a peaceful death. Alas! hope is always a mocker; a misguiding *igniis fatuis*, alluring us onward by its lustre, into spots which no force could have compelled us to traverse; yet, who would consent to part from the gay deceiver?

Maria Danton, now nineteen summers old, had grown to be a fine, handsome girl. She had thus far devoted herself to her mother with unwearied assiduity: kind and cheerful, she enlivened the good dame with her pleasant conceits, and seemed to be happy in the happiness of her mother. Of course, the dame was excessively fond of her child; indeed, she almost idolized her; and, it is to be feared, that the daughter usurped the place of the Deity in the old lady's heart. There was, however, one drawback upon her peace; one trouble that gave her occasional uneasiness. It was this: Maria was excessively fond of dress. She had always been so; in her childhood she used to deck herself with the choicest flowers in the garden, and a wreath of roses on her brow filled her with extreme delight. Whenever she had a few cents at her disposal, they were sure to be expended in the ribbon store for some trifles to decorate her person. Unfortunately, the old lady was too proud of her little girl to check this childish vanity; she rather encouraged it, for it delighted her, she used to say, to see her Maria look so pretty.

Thus flattered, her love of show had increased with her growth, until it had become the ruling passion of her heart. At last, it even rose in opposition to her love for her mother, and became the source of little domestic bickerings between them. These, however, had, thus far, been seldom, though, in the sequel it will be seen that even worse, far worse, results followed this strong affection for dress.

One afternoon, in the autumn of 18—,

Maria returned from paying a few visits; seating herself at the work table, she seemed busied with her own reflections: at last, she broke silence by saying:

'Mother! I have been thinking that I must have a new bonnet this fall. Mine is horribly out of fashion, and I have had it cleaned and altered so many times that I am ashamed to be seen in it. Besides, all the girls in the village are going to have winter bonnets, and I must have one too.'

'Child!' said the old lady, looking up from her knitting with a sorrowful air, 'I am sorry to hear you speak so pettishly. You know, Maria, it is next to impossible to spare enough from our slender purse to buy you a bonnet. The winter is coming, and we have to buy our wood and other means of comfort to keep us from suffering during its long and weary months.'

Maria looked cross, and replied, 'I thought how it would be. Here I have to slave at my needle all day long; and when I want a bonnet cannot have it, because *you* must have your comforts! I declare, it is too bad!'

This was the cruellest speech Maria had ever addressed to her mother. She was vexed, and her vexation stifled all her better feelings. The good dame felt its cruelty, and more than one tear stole down her cheek as she replied:

'Maria! is it for this I have nursed you, watched you, and made every sacrifice for your happiness? Did I not bear enough from your father and brothers? Must my darling child, my Maria, too, become the instrument of my misery?— Oh, it is too much!' and the agonized widow sighed deeply in the bitterness of her grief.

Maria was alarmed. She did not mean to proceed so far. Her mother's anguish restored her better feelings to the ascendancy; and hastily dashing aside her work, she threw her arm round her mother's neck, exclaiming:



'Dear mother, pardon me! I did not mean to wound your feelings; indeed, mother, I did not! I spoke thoughtlessly, and in a wicked passion. Do not weep so, my mother, and I will never grieve you again.'

It was not in the widow's heart to resist these appeals. She kissed her erring daughter, and strove to recover her serenity of mind. Still, this little outbreak was a source of many heart-achings in her lonely moments; and in spite of her sorrow, Maria succeeded in getting her new bonnet, at the expense of many little comforts her mother loved and needed.

Such another scene did not occur at Dame Danton's until the spring, when Maria wanted a new dress, of a very fashionable pattern, just brought into town by Mr Redding, the merchant. Her mother, who had seen the necessity, when too late, of checking this inordinate love of dress, met her request with a decided refusal; reasoning with her, at the same time, on the slender state of their finances, for, as Mrs Danton's health was much enfeebled, their united efforts were now barely sufficient to maintain them in comfort and respectability.

Maria listened in sullen silence to her mother's remarks. Since she had witnessed the strength of her feelings, and the air of melancholy her parent had occasionally worn after the outbreak between them the last fall, she had feared to see her so excited again; and therefore she chose to indulge her disappointments in sullenness at home, reserving the expression of her feelings to her interviews with some young ladies to whom she was much attached.

Accordingly, that evening the young and thoughtless party met in a sort of sewing circle. After a few commonplace inquiries had passed, one of them, named Peterson, addressing Miss Danton, said:

'Well, Maria, are you going to have a dress of that beautiful pattern at Mr Red-

ding's? Ma says I shall have one next week. It is a very sweet, sweet pattern, and I wouldn't go without a dress of it for the world.'

To this silly twattle, Maria sullenly replied: 'No; my mother is pleading poverty again, and she says I can't have it.'

'It is too bad, I declare!' exclaimed three or four voices at once.

'Yes, it is too bad indeed,' said Maria, crying. 'My mother used to be very kind, and I used to love her, but she is very cross now, and refuses to let me have any thing nice. I only got my bonnet last fall by teasing and sulking: I won't bear it—I declare I won't.'

'Nor would I,' said a little, cross-looking girl, with a squeaking voice. 'If I worked as you do, Miss Danton, I would have all the clothes I wanted, in spite of a squeamish old mother.'

'Yes, that's what vexes me,' answered Maria, half choked with passion: 'I work like a slave all the time, until my eyes are dim, and my fingers sore; and after all this, my mother says I must be content with cheap calico gowns, and bonnets that cost only one or two dollars! I won't submit to it! I will have what I want, if I die for it.'

'That's right, and spoken like a girl of spirit,' said Miss Peterson, 'and if my mother should serve me so, I'd go and work in the factory somewhere, and take care of myself.'

'The factory! What, could you get work in a factory? How should you know how to do the work?' asked Maria.

'To be sure I could. How do you suppose any of the girls get work there? They all have to learn, and so could you or I. Besides, Miss Etherton is at Cherrvale mills. She wrote to me only last week, and said wages were high and girls much wanted.'

'Miss Etherton! She used to live here, didn't she?'

'Of course she did; and a fine girl she

is too. I wish I was at Cherryvale with her.'

'So do I,' said Maria: 'I would then buy what I pleased and hear no lectures from my mother.'

Thus these foolish girls talked; thus did Maria blind herself to all her mother's fondness and feed the wicked pride of her heart. Yet Dame Danton had been struggling hard to gratify her wishes: she had denied herself of even necessary articles of clothing and food for her child's sake; and she only refused to purchase her the desired frock because their funds would not allow it. Still, like all ungrateful daughters, Maria could not, or rather *would* not, see these things; but constantly persuaded herself, that she was not indulged as she might be.

The above conversation was closed by Maria's saying emphatically to her companions, 'I will go to the factory at Cherryvale:' with which remark she hurried homewards.

CHAPTER II.

'Some men I saw their utmost art employ  
How to attain a false, deceitful joy,  
Which from afar conspicuously did blaze,  
And at a distance fixed their ravished gaze,  
But nigh at hand it mocked their fond embrace.

When lo! again it flashes in their eyes;  
But still, as they draw near, the fond illusion dies.—*Thomson*.'

Maria's decision occasioned the deepest sorrow in the tried heart of 'old Dame Danton.' The blow was more severe because unexpected. Since her husband's death, she had promised herself, that Maria would be her companion until the grave should shut her from the power of the troubles of this lower world. For a long time, the constant affection of her daughter had confirmed her wish to certainty, that she would be her latest solace, and that she should breathe her spirit out at last in her arms. True, those hopes had been dampened by the development

of so much selfishness in her child's nature; but, a mother still, she hoped her child would become less selfish as she grew older. Alas! it is not thus with the vices of human nature; they acquire strength and firmness by age and gratification;

'Like the mountain oak,  
Tempest shaken, rooted fast,  
Grasping strength from every stroke,  
While it wrestles with the blast.'

How thrilled with agony, then, was her aged heart, when her proud, thoughtless child boldly and decidedly announced her intention of going away. The tidings came upon her as the first roarings of the distant avalanche falls upon the ears of the goatherd of the Alps, warning him that the Spirit of Evil is nigh. So felt that 'excellent lady.' The knell of her last hope rung in her ears; and the hand that tolled it, was that of her own dear child. Still, she said little, for she knew it would be vain to think of restraining the rashness of Maria by entreaty.

Preparations for her departure were soon made. The day came as swiftly, and the tramp of horses announced the coming of the stage. Mrs Danton was sitting in the middle of the room; her cheeks pale with sickness, and her eyes wet with weeping. She dropped her work, raised her spectacles, and gazed steadily at her child, while the big tear-drop rolled down her face to the floor.—Maria stood at the window, her face yet flushed with excitement, but evidently in a very thoughtful mood. She was about to leave her home for the first time in her life, and it is no wonder if some slight misgivings flashed upon her heart; but when she turned round, and met the fixed, tearful gaze of her mother—that look, so tender, so painfully touching, went to her heart. It brought up images of the past—of that mother's unwearied love, through the nine lone years of her widowhood—of the sacrifices she had made for her—of her own ingratitude. She wept! Her

mother beheld those tears, and rose, exclaiming:

'My child! my child! Do we part thus?'

They rushed into each other's arms; that mother, and that erring daughter.—Sobbing, rather than speaking, Maria exclaimed:

'Oh, my mother, forgive me yet again! I have used you ill—very ill indeed: can you once more pardon so obstinate a daughter?'

'Enough, child of my heart! I forgive; and may heaven forgive thee too.'

Just then, the coach stopped at the door, and the hoarse voice of the driver was heard, crying:

'Stage ready! Stage ready, ma'am.'

'Oh, mother,' said Maria, 'I must go; but I will not stay long. Before winter I will return, and I will send you money every month.'

Again the cry, 'Stage waiting, ma'am,' interrupted them; and with showers of tears, they parted—FOREVER!

Buried in silent grief, Mrs D. sat for hours in her chair: thoughts, that went like ice through her veins and lightning through her heart, filled her with apprehensions of the future. At last, awaking, as from a trance, she remarked aloud: 'Tis just, O my God! I have idolized that child, and she is taken from me.—My sins are visited upon me in righteousness. But O, whilst thou appliest the rod, remember that I am but dust.'

Just then, a little flaxen head, containing a pair of the softest blue eyes in the world, intruded itself into the old dame's lap, while a sweet, musical voice said to her:

'Don't cry, Mrs Danton, if Maria is gone: Amy will be your child now.'

It was the voice of little Amy Drew, a sweet girl, some nine summers old; the child of her next door neighbor.

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The summer had departed; autumn

had turned the green leaf to 'sere and yellow,' and the moaning of the winds gave warning of approaching winter.—Maria was still in the mills at Cherryvale, and had become a gay and dashing girl. For some time after leaving home, she had made remittances to her mother; but these had decreased both in frequency and amount, as her love of finery increased. Lately, her mother had written an earnest request for her return; as she was fast failing in health, and had been several times attacked with fits. With great reluctance, Maria was preparing to obey, intending first to purchase a new cloak for the winter.

'This is a very fashionable article for cloaks, Miss Danton, and very cheap,' said a gay-looking clerk, as he exhibited the texture of a piece of broadcloth.

'How much is it a yard?'

'I will sell you a cloak from it for five dollars a yard. It is very cheap for so superior an article.'

'What is the price of fur, for trimmings?'

'We have it at all prices, Miss, from fifty cents to three dollars and higher.—Here is one I can recommend for two dollars—a very excellent article.'

Maria paused to deliberate. The cloak would cost her nearly forty dollars. She had but half that sum on hand. It would take her until midwinter to pay for it.—'But how nice it will look when once paid for,' she thought. 'There is only one thing in the way. My mother says I must go home—It is hard that a young woman like me must be tied to the lap of a grumbling mother—I don't believe she is so sick as she pretends to be, after all—A few weeks wont make much difference—I'll have the cloak, and risk it.'

Having concluded this wicked soliloquy, Maria arranged for the purchase of her cloak, and retired. She had deliberately sacrificed her mother—that weeping, suffering mother—for the gratifica-



tion of her pride ; and Heaven meted her a just reward for her ingratitude !

CHAPTER III.

'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child.'

\* \* \* \* \*  
'Filial ingratitude !  
Is it not as if this mouth should tear this hand  
For lifting food to it?'—*Shakspeare.*

It was midwinter. Mrs Danton sat in the old arm chair, beside the hearth, in a back room of Danton house. She was pale and thin, an air of languor was spread over her fine features, and feebleness had usurped the place of strength in her still somewhat majestic person. This afternoon, she seemed peculiarly anxious ; every footfall roused her attention, and caused her to turn her eyes toward the door. At length, the latch was raised ; the agile form of Amy Drew bounded into the apartment.

'Have you any letter to-day, Amy ?'

'No, ma'am.'

'Did the post-master look, my child ? Are you sure ?'

'Yes, ma'am, he looked at all the letters, and said there was none for you.'

'Oh, Maria ! Maria ! you know not what pain you inflict on your poor, dying mother ! What *can* be the reason you don't write ? Oh, my poor, breaking heart !' Here a flood of tears came to her relief.

The simple-hearted Amy stood for a moment in a thoughtful attitude, as if puzzled how to comfort the good dame. She had become familiar with these scenes ; for many times had she trudged to the post-office on a vain errand. Maria had not written for more than six weeks ! Approaching the distressed old lady, she kindly placed her little fingers in her hand, and looking up, with the artlessness of innocence said :

'Don't cry any more, ma'am, about

Maria. Amy loves you, and she will be your daughter. Don't cry ; it makes me want to cry too, to see you look so sad.'

'Sweet child ! I will not cry, if it pains you.' And Mrs D. forced a smile to her lips, as she impressed a kiss on Amy's cheek. After using every childish art her affection dictated, to make the old lady cheerful, as the day closed she returned to her home, promising to call early in the morning

Scarcely waiting for her breakfast, this young angel of mercy tripped lightly as the fawn to Dame Danton's door. It was fastened, and supposing she was not up, she returned to her mother's : again and again, she tried in vain for admittance. Growing alarmed, she told her mother, who, taking a neighbor with her, went to the house, and yet, at ten o'clock, it was fastened. The neighborhood was now effectually alarmed, and many persons gathered round the house. After consultation, the door was forced : with heaving hearts and cautious tread, the timid crowd entered. Reaching the back sitting room, a most melancholy spectacle met their vision. The old lady lay dead on the floor, with her face buried in the ashes on the hearth ! Her features were so disfigured by ashes and fire, as to be undistinguishable ; and, but for her dress, no one could have identified the begrimed, blackened countenance before him, as belonging to the once pleasant, cheerful, good-looking mistress of Danton house.

It was supposed, that sitting in her chair, as was her custom, to a late hour, she was attacked by a fit, and thrown forward by her convulsions upon the burning coals ; and that in such an unconscious state, she perished.

Maria had just paid the last dollar due for her cloak, and was resolving to stay another month in Cherryvale and then go home. Passing the post-office, she carelessly inquired for a letter, when she received the following :

'My dear Miss Danton—

In great haste, I inform you of your mother's death. She was found dead this morning in her parlor, and will be buried to-morrow.

Yours very respectfully,

DAVID REDDING.'

This laconic note, written by the village storekeeper, came like an avalanche upon Maria. Her first impression was made by her accusing conscience. It said to her, in a voice of thunder: 'Your neglect has murdered your mother;' and this stinging accusation rankled like the bite of an asp in her bosom; it wound round her heart like the convolving windings of the serpent, and wrung sighs of bitterness from it, such as she had never heaved before. At first, she was completely stupified, and wandered heedlessly through the streets until she had reached a lonely road in the suburbs. The absence of the street lights brought her to her senses, and she hurried back, fancying that every sound was the rustling of the form of her mother, who in dim shadow seemed to follow her guilty steps.—Reaching the town, she secured a place in the morning stage, and then retired to her lodgings—not to sleep, but to pass the night in bitter self-reproach and unavailing remorse.

Towards evening, after two days' travel, the stage-sleigh drew up at Danton house. Maria alighted. Silence and darkness reigned there in proud, unquestioned dominion. Finding the doors fastened, she retreated to the house of a former friend, and spent the night. There, she heard the harrowing particulars of her mother's death; her heart still urging its charge of murder with tenfold authority and power. Unrefreshed, she arose in the morning, and in spite of a newly fallen snow, sought her mother's grave. Here the bitterness of her grief knew no bounds; its extravagance exceeded the limits of reason, as with frantic despair she clasped

the senseless mound and filled the unconscious air with her cries. In vain did her acquaintances beg her to retire; in vain did they point out the danger of exposure in the cold, damp grave-yard: it was only by constraint that she was taken away.

This paroxysm was followed by extreme exhaustion, and that, by fever. For thirty days, she remained poised between life and death. Delirium attended her sickness, and it was truly awful to sit and listen to her ravings. 'Do you not see her?' she would say. 'There she sits! How pale and sorrowful she looks! See! how she cries! Don't you know her? It's my mother! My dear mother, who used to weave garlands of flowers for my head!' Then changing her tone and manner into that of phrenzy, she would cry, 'There! look at that bruised, burned head! The eyes are gone!—Take it away! Take it away, I tell you! I won't see it! It's my mother's head, and I murdered her! Oh! do take it away!' With these and similar ravings, she shewed how deep the fangs of remorse had laid hold upon her heart. After thirty days, the fever approached its crisis. She had fallen into a deep, quiet slumber, and all around hoped she would awake out of danger. Vain hope! She was destined to wake no more on earth. It terminated in death!

Two days afterwards she was buried in the same grave with her unfortunate mother, and that spot is marked by a simple stone on which is inscribed this brief memorial: 'Here lies a widow and her daughter,' with the names underneath. It was placed there by a distant relation of the family. Since then, Danton house has fallen to decay, and will probably be permitted to crumble to dust like the bodies of its former occupants.

My friend here concluded his manuscript, and as I retired to rest, I reflected with deep seriousness on the moral of his story. I saw clearly how one improper



affection may grow into a master passion, and in its destructive inroads upon the character trample down the finer and holier attributes of our nature, and lead us to actions fraught with the most unhappy consequences. Here, I saw a young lady actually destroying her mother and herself, by the love of dress—a love, which might with ease, have been checked in its incipient stages, but which at last reigned like a tyrant, and ruined her; and as I courted the downy influences of sleep, I firmly resolved to allow no master passion to lead me astray. If my readers—especially the devotees of fashion—are led to the same conclusion, the simple tale of the widow's daughter will not have seen the light in vain.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.*

THE OCEAN.

BY HORACE PHELPS.

Unfathom'd deep, unfettered waste  
Of never silent waves,  
Each by its rushing follower chas'd  
Through unilluminated caves;  
And o'er the rocks whose turrets rude,  
E'en since the birth of time,  
Have heard amid thy solitude,  
The billows' ceaseless chime :

Through what recesses' depths unknown  
Dost thou thy waves impel,  
Where never yet a sunbeam shone,  
Or gleam of moonlight fell !  
For never yet did mortal eyes  
Thy gloom-wrapt deeps behold,  
And nought of thy dread mysteries  
The tongue of man hath told.

What though proud man presumes to hold  
His course upon the tide ;  
O'er thy dark billows uncontrolled,  
His fragile bark to guide :  
Yet who upon thy mountain waves  
Can himself secure,  
While sweeping o'er thy yawning waves,  
Deep, awfully obscure !

But thou art mild and tranquil now,  
Thy wrathful spirits sleep,

And gentle billows, calm and slow,  
Across thy bosom sweep :  
Yet where the dim horizon's bound  
Rests on thy sparkling bed,  
The tempest cloud in gloom profound  
Prepares its wrath to shed.

Thus mild and calm, in youth's bright hour,  
The tide of life appears,  
When fancy paints with magic power  
The joys of coming years :  
But clouds will rise and darkness bring  
O'er life's deceitful way,  
And woful disappointment fling  
Its blight on hope's bright ray.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.*

THE VALLEY—THE HILLS.

*A Tragic Tale.*

BY J. D. BRIDGE.

[Concluded.]

And then for the milk-maids!—the young ladies of the hills ! Pray what can be said of them ? Verily, much every way. They possess most of the good traits in female character, and but few of the bad. But do they attend boarding and dancing-schools, and learn French, Spanish, Italian, and waltzing ? Can they play on the piano, receive and dismiss company, and grace the parlor with their accomplishments and appropriate carriage, or trip through some public thoroughfare like the promenaders in Broadway or Washington street ?—Or, what can they do ? Why a variety of things which some "pretty girls" cannot do however great the necessity. They can get up in the morning with the sun, put on the tea-kettle, swing the polished pail on their arm, out and frisk in the dews with some domesticated pet, milk the cows, prepare the milk for butter and cheese, cook and serve up the breakfast, wash the dishes, sweep the kitchen, parlor, chambers, and all other places which need it ; make their *own* beds, and others' if necessary ; and spin, weave, make farmer's frocks, pants, jackets ; knit and 'darn' stockings when required : vault into a saddle with the agility of a soldier, and bound over the rough roads with the swiftness of the an-

telope, and with notes pathetic and touching as the songsters of the wood hie away again at night to perform the milkmaid's duty; read, write, learn geography, arithmetic, philosophy, astronomy, chemistry, history, mental and moral science; sometimes Latin, French, music, painting, and to finish the catalogue of accomplishments for a young lady of the mountains, we add dancing too. They can 'show off' to excellent advantage in the sauce or flower garden; the wash-room, kitchen or parlor; and as for sweetness of temper and beauty of complexion, there's none can rival them. The symmetry of their bodies is perfect, and kept so by simplicity of manners and healthy exercise; the 'paint' upon their cheeks is real, Nature's own preparation, and the red, or raven, or chestnut-colored curls and ringlets which float upon their shoulders and bosoms, are realities too. They know nothing of your 'false curls' made to insult 'decaying nature,' and kept at ladies' 'furnishing stores' in New York and Boston. They have no occasion to resort to these artificial helps to 'fading beauty,' but pass them by in scorn, and most benevolently pity the town and city belles who lead such lady lives as to induce disease, loss of appetite, teeth, hair, rosy complexions, and finally sink away into premature old age—faded—neglected—forgotten! These calamities never come upon the 'sweet girls'—pardon me—the fine young ladies of the hills! They wear the tint and bloom of the rose through the whole round of the year. The flush on their beautiful cheeks is but the glow of the most perfect health. The fire in their bright, laughing eyes is kindled, fed, and sustained by a vigorous constitution. They never dip their lady hands in 'rose water,' or manufacture crimson for their full, blushing faces by drinking champagne or wine, but drink the crystal element which gushes in the glen or glade of their home, and lave in the limpid stream which comes dashing from the mountain. And then their sympathy, charity, kindness, virtue: in these respects they stand preëminent—lovely as the blushing morn! Yes, indeed,

it takes our honest-hearted, uncorrupted, intelligent, beautiful mountain girls to answer the beau ideal of female loveliness and excellence. None can see them but to admire; none can mingle in their society but to be happy; none can possess them as wife and mother but to rejoice in the acquisition of an invaluable treasure. In their worth, they are solid as the hills among which they live; in virtue, they are pure as the unclouded sky; in fidelity, constant as the revolutions of the globe; and in beauty, they are rich and radiant as the corruscations of the rising sun. In addition to all this, thousands of them are pious, and devote themselves unreservedly to all the labors and crosses of religion. Their time, talents, charms, influence, soul, and body's powers, are laid on the altar of the Redeemer, a willing sacrifice to Him who 'purchased' them with his life and 'blood.' Heaven bless them with long life, inflexible virtue, lasting beauty, good husbands, happy children, and a peaceful transit to the 'spirit land'!

'Variety is the spice of life' has come to be considered a true maxim, and lest we should violate the principle it inculcates we will start from the beautiful village of Greenfield, and again wend our way up into the mountains on the banks of Green river. We must thread our way four or five miles, among hills, broken rocks, avalanches, thick underbrush, loneliness and gloom, and then we shall emerge once more into daylight, and the vicinity of a 'grazing' district. Ours will be an 'up hill' course, and we shall scarcely be able to 'hear ourselves think,' such is the roar of the waters whirling and leaping over the rocky bed of the river. On our right, the highlands of Leyden lift themselves to the clouds; and on our left, the delectable hills of Colerain are quite as successful in finding their way to the skies; and on either side are some excellent farms, fine houses, barns, and out-buildings, whose hanging position seems actually perilous; at any rate, if any of the 'milk maids' chance to discover us from their windows, they can look down upon us with 'perpendicular contempt.'

If we pursue our path, by the margin of the river, a little farther, we shall discover, peering up in the distance, one of Nature's pyramids—on the summit of which stands a beautiful white cottage, surrounded with an excellent orchard and a variety of necessary buildings for the accommodation of the farmer's 'flocks and herds,' and commanding a delightful prospect of the adjoining hills and valleys. At the base of the mountain rush the excited waters of Green river, whose music is always heard in gentle murmurs, or wild and furious roaring, just according to the season of the year. In spring time, when the equinoctial storm has poured its contents of sleet and rain upon the mountains and into the valleys, and the solar influences begin to make sad and soft work with the drifted snows, it swells to uncommon dimensions, rages and foams, till maddened by its own efforts, it plunges on with resistless force, shouting destruction to whatever may come within its fearful influence. South of the cottage, there is a slope of the mountain, which terminates in a beautiful glen filled with forest trees—from which, in the dawn and twilight, the cottagers are serenaded by the mountain birds—the robin, the bluebird, the thrush and the whippoorwill.—The scream of the henhawk may sometimes be heard in this 'lonely retreat,' and at noon of night the hooting owl from the same orchestra proclaims the fact of his shy existence to all who are not under the influence of Morpheus, the god of slumber. The prospect west and north is very fine. The eye rests on innumerable hills and little mountains fantastically arrayed, especially in May and June, in the rich and exuberant drapery of Nature. This location, though very much elevated, and, on that account, somewhat difficult of access, is very good. To those who love retirement, no place could be more inviting, particularly in Spring and Summer, and Autumn even. Those who lived in the neat, white cottage on the mountain did, doubtless, love their retired situation, and some of them love it still; but not as they used to, for other emotions mingle with the in-

stinctive attachment to the place of their birth, and the home of their childhood.

Mr B. was a robust son of the mountains, and received, in his boyhood, such a training as fitted him, in riper years, to hold a front rank among the cultivators of the 'upland farms;' and his was the plantation and cottage we have described. He had himself cut down the woods, and, by dint of hard labor, turned the wilderness into fruitful fields. He struggled with difficulties, bid defiance to poverty, practised the strictest economy, and finally amassed such an amount of wealth as lifted him above the fear of want, and invested him with the proud consciousness and airs of independence and superiority. He became a husband, and in due time the fond father of three lovely daughters, and a tender son, the image of himself. We shall call the son Philo, and the daughters, Udoxia, Ellen and Julia.

Mr B. was a matter-of-fact, utilitarian man, and, of course, had but little taste for that sort of manners and education which some parents deem indispensable to the accomplishment and respectability of their children—particularly *daughters*. He had no ambition that his Ellen or Julia should become an admired mistress of the pianoforte, the organ, or even an accordeon; and as for Udoxia, she was too much her father's child to wish in the least to ape the *artificial* young ladies in aristocratic life, who, if they ever become *wives*, must marry *fortunes* as well as husbands, or else, through sheer mortification and inability to help themselves, shake hands with death prematurely. Mr B. wished to educate his children in those solid branches of ordinary science which would be of real use to them when grown to man and womanhood, and render them happy and useful members of society; and thus to qualify them for domestic and social life, he spared no pains. Mrs B. too, was the affectionate and faithful wife—the indulgent, the loving and loved mother, whose views perfectly coincided with those of her husband. If she could see her children grow up virtuous, intelligent, healthy and pious, she would



then enjoy the fruition of her desires and hopes.

Udoxia grew up the healthy, happy girl, without much personal beauty; but in lieu thereof, possessed a vigorous constitution and benevolent disposition: just the right sort of a woman to take a firm and cheerful hold of the 'heavy end' of life, and become a real 'help-meet' for an honest-hearted, industrious leveller of the forests and 'tiller of the ground;' nor did she ever have to sigh in the lonely shades of 'single blessedness,' but early found a hand to guide, and a heart to love her.

Ellen and Julia were healthy and handsome, diligent and frugal, kind and courteous, obedient and thankful, modest and retiring, and were loved and respected by all who knew them—the pride of their father, and the joy of their mother.

Philo, too, was a child of promise, though occasionally his playful temper and roguish leer excited a little concern in the minds of his parents and sisters in reference to his future character; but, on the whole, he was a 'fine young fellow,' and heir to a proprietorship, such as few lads could boast in all the country.

Such was the family of Mr B. when half a century had rolled over his head. Thro' a long series of years, he had encountered no ebbs in the tide of fortune; no clouds lowered around him; no fitful gusts of anxiety and alarm swept across his path; nor was there a cloud in all his horizon to intercept the rays of the sun of prosperity! Peace, health and joy reigned in all his borders, and plenty swelled as the ocean on his premises. His wife and daughters stood before him a circle of loveliness; and their smiles, their beauty, and affectionate caresses were a rich reward for the toils and hardships of by-gone years; and his son—his only son—his very self in miniature—he looked upon as a scion which might blossom when the stock from which it was originally taken should be leafless, sapless, prostrate—lost in the oblivion of years. This was a blooming family, whose hopes and interests were identical; whose hearts beat in unison; and whose eyes

looked deep into the future, and counted off many happy years, and rapturously said, '*They are ours!*'

This is an uncertain, changing world, labelled with the pathetic words of Solomon, 'Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.'—The heavens may smile joyfully on the earth for a season, and the earth send back a laughing shout to the skies; the elements may appear to slumber quiescently, and the day of storms to lie deep in the womb of coming months; but the explosions of the tempest and roar of the elemental thunder will soon undeceive us, and proclaim the fermenting process which was going on even in the most joyous of our days.

And so it was in the family of Mr B.—The 'flood tide' of prosperity at last ceased its inundations, and began its swift and fearful ebb! The smiling sun of fortune, which had for so many years gone up and down the glowing heavens, and never met a cloud, at last sunk into a 'long, dark, starless night, which had no moon beyond it.' The stars, too, the sparkling gems in the domestic horizon, went out—ay, were lost in the gathering clouds of adversity.—The light became darkness; joy changed to sorrow; songs, to lamentations; the shout of vigor and hope, to the wail of anguish and despair. Peace, health and expectation plumed their pinions for a measureless flight, and the conflicting elements of a terrible storm came roaring down on the family circle and quiet habitation.—The unruffled sea of rural and domestic life, smooth as the polished mirror, became the stormy ocean—the theatre of infuriate winds, muttering thunders, gleaming lightnings. Misfortune arrayed herself in horrors, and took unwelcome 'lodgings' in the once prosperous dwelling. DEATH, the remorseless tyrant, came striding over the hills, and demanded immediate payment of the levied tax on mortality. He would take no security; but, with a ghastly smile, pointed down into an empty vault of an adjoining tomb, and furiously swore, by the curse of sin, it was his right to fill the untenanted abode. He laid his chil-

ing hand on the fond mother, as if conscious that he then touched a chord that would vibrate in tones of misery through the affectionate hearts of surviving friends. Mrs B. sickened and died. Not skill, or sympathy, or love, or breaking hearts and flowing tears could save her. One wanton flourish of the finger of the monster snapped asunder the 'silver cord,' and broke in pieces the 'golden bowl.'

Uniformity was no longer a characteristic of Mr B.'s family circle. One of the 'great lights' of his domestic 'system' had set behind the shades of death. A dense and expanding cloud of gloom hung over all his prospects; only now and then a ray of light streamed athwart the darkness of his soul. Whither should he go? What could he do? If he walked in his fields or orchards, the fair form and mellow voice of his devoted wife met not his eye or fell on his ear; and if he returned to his beautiful cottage, loneliness and silence crushed his manly heart. *Ichabod* flamed forth on its very walls.

And then, 'What shall become of the children? Whose hand of love shall guide and restrain them through the tempting vistas and fascinating avenues of childhood and youth? To whose care and educational tutorship shall they be entrusted? And who shall be the solace of *my* old age, and share with *me* the infirmities which accumulate in declining years? Who shall soothe my anxious spirit in the chamber of death, and impress the farewell kiss of affection on my furrowed brow? Alas, for the wife of my youth! Why should she first be called to encounter the 'swellings of Jordan?' How affecting these questions!—how full of pathos! They breathe the emotions of a troubled spirit. But there is a difference in human grief. In some minds it is like a mountain stream when swollen by the Spring or Autumn rains; it goes leaping, roaring, dashing on, over cliffs and crags, until its shouts and murmurs are hushed in the plains and meadows below. Its source is small and shallow, and one half the year sends forth no murmuring rill—no foaming, shouting tor-

rent to swell the notes in Nature's anthem. In other minds, it is like the deep, flowing river, without a ripple on its surface, or the majestic and resistless swell of the ocean, when its undulations reach its coral bed. Old, steady-moving Time, too, is a rectifier of the world's mistakes, and a modifier of its ills and pleasures also; and this, on the whole, must be considered a wise and happy arrangement in the natural economy: else men would sink in floods of sorrow, or drown in rivers of pleasure and dissipation.

With Mr B. the storm of affliction was unlooked-for, and he was unprepared to meet it; but after it had spent its fury, and his feelings and views had been sufficiently chastened, he once more began to calculate for himself and children in reference to future years. He resolved on a second marriage, and the person selected for consort and step-mother, was a sister of his deceased wife. She resided in S., N. Y., where Mr B. determined, at a proper time, to proceed and consummate the sacred union. The time fixed on was Sept., 1837. The season arrived; and Mr B., the rich and venerable rustic of the hills, simple-hearted and unsuspecting, wholly unused to the 'wide world,' having never, to any great extent, mingled in the whirl of the 'travelling public,' started on his journey, having furnished his *wallet* with between one and two hundred dollars to defray expenses. He stepped on board a stage in W., Vt., on the great thoroughfare between Brattleboro' and Troy, and soon the high-mettled steeds, prancing to the crack of the driver's whip, plunged deep into the forests and defiles of the Green mountains, and wound their crooked way among everlasting hills, until they reached Bennington, and thence dashed furiously on till they reached Troy and Albany, N. Y.

How little we know of what awaits us in future days! We travel thoughtlessly the highway of danger, and sing joyously on the frightful verge of the precipice.—The envenomed serpent spins his 'death-note' beneath some 'quivering brake' which overhangs our path, or coils himself in our very track,

'Just in the act, with greenly venom'd fangs,  
To strike the foot that heedless o'er him hangs.  
Bloated with rage on spiral folds he rides;  
His rough scales shiver on his spreading sides;  
Dusky and dim his glossy neck becomes,  
And freezing poisons thicken on his gums;  
His parched and hissing throat breathes hot and dry;  
A spark of hell lies burning on his eye;'

and yet onward we rush, ignorant of our danger, until we feel the fangs of the monster struck deep into our veins,

'And through our bounding heart,  
The cold and curdling poison seems to dart.'

This was the case with our rustic friend. He left his home, his son, his daughters, to see it and them no more; to return not again until the 'heavens shall have passed away with a great noise,' until the resurrection of all human dead. He went away to die—not naturally, or in some quiet chamber, surrounded with friends, or friendly strangers—but in the gloomy morass, by the hand of violence. He went away to find a foreign grave, but found it not until the wild winds of seven months had swept over his unsheeted, unsepulchred body! On board the stage Mr B. entered, was a young man, one of those desperate cosmopolites who, lion-like, travel up and down the world seeking whom they may devour. He fixed his eye on Mr B. and marked him as a victim—concluding, of course, that he was a 'rich old farmer,' who, if he never returned home again, would be but little missed in the world.

He kept in Mr B.'s company to Albany, and then with him went on board a packet on the Great Western canal for S. The packet, as is usual, passed leisurely along until Mr B. had arrived within six miles of his destination, when, soon after daylight in the morning, he stepped on shore to take a walk along the canal in advance of the boat. The young desperado proffered his company in the walk, and was accepted; and on they paced at so rapid a rate as to leave their sluggish craft 'pout-

ing in the distant vale.' They entered a dismal swamp—fit for the habitation of devils and murderers—crossed the canal, and about ten rods from its bank the young veteran in crime perpetrated the horrid deed! He deliberately, coldly, wantonly, for the sake of a few dollars, took the precious life of his unsuspecting fellow traveller, and left him in his blood, a prey for beasts or vultures.

A few weeks passed away, and friends became anxious. He had not been in S.—he had not returned home—where could he have gone? The terrible thought, like a burning avalanche from Etna, rolled upon the hearts of friends: he has been *murdered*! And so he had; but though diligent search was made, his body was not found until March, 1838! The winds sighed his requiem; the raven, wheeling over the spot where he reposed in death, screeched the only dirge over his frozen clay; the drifting snows were his winding sheet; and the saplings of the forest bent in sympathy, instead of the weeping willow, over the lone place where he lay.

At home, suspense, anxiety, distress, held their iron sway. The children could go to their mother's grave and weep; but what had become of their father? The cloud of uncertainty at length passed away, and it was clearly ascertained that Mr B. had met his fate in a tragic manner. He had fallen by the steel of the assassin.—Thus perished the remnant of his days; and in an untimely manner he went to meet his God. His children are left to inherit his riches, but not to enjoy them—for they must ever reflect that they are the earnings of a MURDERED FATHER.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.*

#### FRIENDSHIP.

When God from nothing formed the earth,  
And all the stars received their birth;  
The sun his splendor shed at noon,  
And first at midnight shined the moon;  
And beasts o'er earth began to roam,  
The fishes sought their ocean home,  
Through valleys ran the purling rill,  
And forests crowned the rising hill;



And trees and shrubs were seen to grow,  
 From lofty oak to lily low ;  
 A carpet green on earth was spread,  
 From meadow low to mountain's head :  
 Then Eden bloomed in beauty rare,  
 And shed her fragrance on the air ;  
 And man then walked her bowers among,  
 Whilst birds around their music flung.  
 Among the flowers, so rich, so fair,  
 Which spread their glories to the air,  
 There none was found to solace man,  
 Throughout life's short and mournful span ;  
 In every hour of storm or calm,  
 Prove to his soul a healing balm ;  
 And when he left fair Eden's bowers,  
 Support him in his darkest hours—  
 But God in mercy sent above,  
 His angel—moved by tenderest love—  
 And brought from Heaven's own soil and  
 clime,

A flower to grow on shores of time,  
 Which planted then, rich flourished there,  
 Requiring kind and constant care :  
 And when by sin man lost those bowers,  
 With all their lovely blooming flowers ;  
 This one alone, by Heaven's free will,  
 He took to cheer his footsteps still ;  
 Which o'er the world its influence spread,  
 To bless the crown'd and lowly head ;  
 And light the world by its fair bloom,  
 Which else had been o'erspread with  
 gloom,

And when the earth with fire shall burn,  
 And God shall place her in her urn ;  
 This plant shall then o'er ruin'd time,  
 Arise to seek its native clime.

What is that flower that ne'er shall die,  
 But bloom in fairer world's on high ?

I'll tell thee ; 'Tis sweet Friendship's tie.

N.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.*

#### BREVITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Cicero, in the first book of his *Tusculan* questions, truly exposes the vain judgment we are apt to form of the duration of human life, compared to eternity. In illustrating his argument, he quotes a passage of natural history from Aristotle, alluding to a species of insect on the banks of the river Hypanis, that never outlives the day of its birth.

To pursue the thought of this elegant writer, let us suppose one of the most robust of these Hypanians (so famed in history) was in a manner coeval with time itself; that he began to exist at the break of day; and that, from the uncommon strength of his constitution, he has been able to show himself active through ten or twelve hours. Through so long a series of seconds, he must have acquired vast wisdom in his way from observation and experience. He looks upon his fellow creatures, who died about noon, to be happily delivered from the many inconveniences of old age, and can perhaps recount to his great-grandson a surprising tradition of actions before any records of their nation were extant. The young swarm, who may be advanced one hour in life, approach his person with respect, and listen to his improving discourse.—Every thing he says will seem wonderful to this short-lived generation. The compass of a day will seem to be the whole duration of time; and the first dawn of light will, in their chronology, be styled the great era of their creation.

Let us now suppose this venerable insect, this Nester of Hypanis, should, a little before his death, and about sunset, send for all his acquaintance, friends and descendants, out of the desire he may have to impart his last thoughts to them, and to admonish them with his departing breath. They meet, perhaps, under the spacious shelter of a mushroom, and the dying sage addresses them after the following manner:

'Friends and fellow citizens. I perceive the longest life must have an end; and the period of mine is now at hand; neither do I repine at my fate, since my great age has become a burthen, and there is nothing new under the sun. The calamities and revolutions I have seen in my country, the manifold private misfortunes to which we are all liable, and the fatal diseases incident to our race, have abun-

dantly taught me this lesson, that no happiness can be secure nor lasting which is placed in things which are out of our control. Great is the uncertainty of life!—A whole brood of insects have perished in a moment by a keen blast. Shoals of our straggling youth have been swept into the waves by an unexpected breeze!—What wasteful deluges have we suffered from a single shower! Our strongest holds are not proof against a shower of hail; and even a dark cloud makes the stoutest hearts quake. I have lived in the first ages, and conversed with insects of a larger size, and stronger make, and I must add, of greater virtue than any can boast of in the present generation.—I must conjure you to give yet farther credit to my latest words when I assure you, that yonder sun, which now appears westward beyond the water, and seems to be not far distant from the earth, in my remembrance stood in the middle of the sky, and shot his beams directly down upon us. The world was much more enlightened in those ages, and the air much warmer. Think it not dotage in me if I affirm that glorious being moves. I saw his first setting out in the east; and I began my course of life near the time when he commenced his immense career. He has advanced along the sky, with vast heat and unparalleled brightness, but now by his declension and a sensible decay (more especially of late) in his vigor, I foresee that all nature must fail in a little time, and that the creation will be buried in darkness in less than a century of minutes.

Alas, my friends, how did I once flatter myself with the hope of abiding here forever. How magnificent are the cells which I hollowed out for myself! What confidence did I repose in the firmness and spring of my joints, and the strength of my pinions! But I have lived enough to nature, and even to glory; neither will either of you whom I leave behind, have

equal satisfaction in life in the dark, declining age which I see already begun.

So much for fiction on the thought of Cicero. It will not seem extravagant to those who are acquainted with the manner of instruction practised by the early teachers of mankind. Solomon sends the sluggard to the ant; and, after his example, we may send the ambitious or the covetous, who seem to overlook the shortness and uncertainty of life, to the little insects on the banks of the Hypanis.—Let them consider their transitory state and be wise.

#### THE NEW YEAR.

A year—another year has fled!

Here let me rest a while,  
As they who stand around the dead,  
And watch the funeral pile:  
This year, whose breath has passed away,  
Once thrill'd with life—with hope was gay!

But, close as wave is urged on wave,  
Age after age sweeps by;  
And this is all the gift we have,  
To look around, and die!  
'Twere vain to dream we shall not bend,  
Where all are hast'ning to an end.

What this new waking year may rise,  
As yet is hid from me:  
'Tis well, a veil which mocks our eyes  
Spreads o'er the days to be;  
Such foresight who on earth would crave  
Where knowledge is not proud to save?

It may be dark—a rising storm,  
To blast with lightning wing  
The bliss which cheers—the joys that  
warm!

It may be doomed to bring  
The wish that I have reared as mine,  
A victim to an early shrine!

But, be it fair, or dark, my breast  
Its hope will not forego;  
Hope's rainbow never shines so blest  
As on the clouds of woe;  
And seen with her phosphoric light,  
Even affliction's waves look bright.

But I must steer my bark of life  
Towards a deathless land;  
Nor need it fear the seas of strife:  
May it but reach the strand  
Where all is peace, and angels come  
To take the out-worn wanderer home!

*For the Ladies' Pearl.*

TIME.

What is time? I asked an aged man, a  
man of cares,  
Wrinkled, and curved, and gray with hoary  
hairs.  
Time is the warp of life, he said: O tell  
The young, the gay, the fair to weave it  
well.

But what is time? Some answer by saying, it is duration measured by the heavenly bodies; others, it is the impression which a series of objects leave upon the memory, and of which we are certain the existence has been successive; others, still, say it is a fragment of eternity, broken off at both ends.

We may, then, consider it in its most unlimited sense, that space included between the singing of the morning stars, the shouting for joy of the sons of God, and Gabriel's placing one foot on the sea, and the other on the land, and declaring, in a voice not to be misunderstood, to all the past, present and future generations of the earth, that 'Time shall be no longer.' Short as this period may seem, when compared with that, far, far behind, when time nor change knew no existence, before stars or sun appeared; when the Eternal Mind, all perfect, infinite and alone, possessed within himself the source of all happiness; or the eternity into which all will be merged when time shall cease; yet generation after generation of the human family have come into existence, and passed away again.

We see, then, that the time allotted to individuals is but an inconsiderable portion of this space. Numbers but open their eyes upon the scenes of earth, and, as if appalled with the view, close them again forever, having even the alphabet of their knowledge to acquire in eternity. Others, like some morning flowers which spread their beauties to the eye of the beholder, and promise at least a day in which to be admired, droop at the sun's

first ray, and show themselves too frail to continue inhabitants of this vale of sorrow and vicissitude. Many are permitted to enter the arena of public life, and like the opening rose-bud, begin to diffuse the fragrance of their wise and pious examples, when in maiden sweetness or dignified manhood, they are summoned to give an account of their stewardship. Others there are still, who live on till three score and ten summers have bleached their locks, blanchd their cheeks, and furrowed their brows deeply, and yet time, in the retrospect, dwindles before them.—They can easily connect the sport and buoyant hopes of their boyhood with their tottering days.

What said the patriarch, though he had lived to prevail with the Lord; had spent fourteen years of servitude in unpleasant circumstances, to obtain her whom he loved; had mourned his long lost Joseph as dead, and was finally brought, after suffering severely for fear of the dangers which must attend his beloved Benjamin and other children, in preserving him in advanced life from the ravages of famine, to enjoy the blessings of abundance, and the society of all his children. After all these reverses, he was constrained to say, 'Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage.'

But if we subtract for the enjoyment of the 'sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' one-third of the three score and ten years allotted to man, we shall find but forty-six and two-thirds remaining. Making a still farther deduction for the time necessary to supply the wastes of nature and the protection of our bodies from cold and heat, how brief a space indeed is left for the great purposes of probation: yet, how often do we see people resorting to this and that amusement to pass away time. Any way, say they, to kill old Time. Ah! little do they think Time is immortal till his work is done; and instead of killing him, he will appear in the day of final



retribution as a swift witness against them for not having made better improvement of the precious morceaux measured out to them.

Many are deceived by the noiseless manner in which Time does his work, and think he lingers for them to execute their purposes. But though they may listen ever so silently, and hold their very breath to hear the flapping of his pinions, or the sands of his hour-glass drop grain after grain, yet he speeds on,

'Still as the morning sunbeam, as it kiss'd  
The blushing flower, but shook not e'en  
the tears

Of night from off its leaves, nor woke  
The wild bee slumbering in its folds.'

Having considered the nature and brevity of Time, we will now notice some of the changes which it produces. If we look into the earth and examine its geology, we shall find, that since Time began its course, important changes have been produced in it. Where once the mighty deep was assigned its place, and the finny tribe sported in all their joy and vivacity, man now probably cultivates the soil and rears his habitations. The forest tree, where the feathery family hover and answer to each other's notes, has taken the place of the sea-weed where the dolphin and seahorse had their gambols; and the diamond is now secretly concreting where the coral might have formed its specimens of beauty. But if we turn our eye at the human family we shall find changes in its history equally great. For instance, the ancient, chosen people of God, once so highly favored, now in fulfilment of prophecy, have become a by-word among all nations. Those countries, once the nurseries of the arts and sciences, are now groping in the darkness of barbarism. Egypt has lost the art of embalming, and many others of more special service to the nation, and her Cyprian charms her sons no more.—Greece had her Pruden to sing. Athens her Solon to give laws, and her Demos-

thenes to rouse. Sparta her Lycurgus. Rome her Cicero, and Syracuse her Archimedes.

Happy we trust for those countries, that the principles which her bishops, poets, orators, lawgivers, and mathematicians taught, are not buried with them. We expect Time will yet see Egypt, Ethiopia, and Seba ransomed, and christian America exerting herself to redress their wrongs. Our own country presents in this respect a happier picture. The arts and sciences are not waning but becoming more mature. Almost every department of labor is receiving benefit from their aid, and it is not unlikely that the advantages derived from the power of steam, may greatly accelerate the spread of the Gospel. In retrospecting our history as a nation, we find many humiliating facts at which our cheeks are mantled with a blush, and our hearts wither by a burning shame. Time, probably will behold these stains erased, and hear those now under oppression's galling yoke, sing the triumphant song of release to the captive. But we must have observed more particularly, the changes produced in our own circle since the days of innocent childhood, when the hearth was made cheerful by our father's presence, our mother's smile, the counsels of elder brothers, and the sympathy of kind and attentive sisters. But our fathers, where are they, and our mothers, do they live forever? Ah, no. Long, long since we were able to rise up and call them blessed. The insatiate archer marked our brother for a victim, and he takes us by the hand no more. We saw our sister's eye bright, and we thought her cheek still rosy with health; but no, it was consumption's own decoying flush. She too is gone to the spirit land, and her music charms us no more. Since we were last greeted by our friends with a happy new year, perhaps some of us have seen our blooming hopes cut off, their

children of peculiar promise lie withered and dead. Or some may have consigned to the tomb a beloved companion; in comparison to whom all the friends of earth might be dispensed with.

While thus musing on the changes produced by Time, we are ready to exclaim—

‘What does not fade? the tower that long  
had stood

The crash of thunder and the roaring winds,  
Shook by the slow, but sure destroyer,  
Time,

Now hangs in doubtful ruins o’er its base,  
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass  
Descend; the Babylonian spires are sunk,  
Achaia, Rome and Egypt moulder down.

Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,  
And tottering empires rush by their own  
weight.

This huge rotundity on which we tread,  
grows old,

And all those worlds that roll around the  
sun—

The sun himself shall die, and ancient  
night

Again involve the desolate abyss.’

A few reflections on the right improvement of our time. Time is our spring, Eternity our harvest. And as we have no security that this spring will be protracted beyond the present, and a successive one can never be enjoyed, shall we not sow our seed in the morning. And as we are to reap what we sow, shall we not attend to the nature and quality of the seed thus sown? Shall we sit down in ease hanging as weights upon those who would nobly acquit themselves in every good work, and leaving to our children no better inheritance than a bad example? I trust not, viewing as we do, the extreme brevity of time. Let us be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord—doing what we have to do in our families, our business, the cause of humanity and of christianity with our might. In many instances the lapse of a few hours has deprived multitudes of all probationary privileges. The burning of the Lexington and Erie, are melancholy examples. A few moments the air was rent with cries of agony, and

all was over. The peaceful waters rolled on as they had rolled before. But the destiny of those deathless spirits was sealed forever. What would they not have yielded for a privilege like ours at present. Before the new year’s day of 1843 shall be ushered in, how many hearts now throbbing high with hopes of future bliss, will have forgotten to beat, and lie congealed in their own current in yonder cemetery. How many a step now decided and firm, will become feeble and faltering—and the hand now penning these lines, may have become motionless forever.

What changes of a political, moral and religious character may take place, we are unable to predict. But it is conceded by all, that the present and future is a period of momentous interest. Who then will be about their Master’s business of doing the will of their Heavenly Father, and snatching perishing souls from the worm that never dies and the fire that is not quenched? Who that has been on the back ground in personal piety will this year calmly buckle on his armor and prepare for victory? Who that have heretofore made their minds sickly and dwarfish by feeding them with works of fiction and vanity, will leave them for more solid reading, and especially for the word of God, which is able to make them wise unto salvation? Who that has been engrossed with the fashion of the world that passeth away, will stand forth arrayed in the righteousness of christianity to walk with him in white? Who that have been accustomed to frequent dangerous places of amusement, fascinated with their songs of revelry, will choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, and swell the songs of the redeemer, for a sinner saved by grace. Reader, it is for you to determine what report shall be borne of you to Heaven this year.

‘Time past is gone, thou canst not it recal,  
Time present is, improve the portion small,

Time future is not, and may never be,  
Time present is the only time for thee.'

It is the glory of Time, though short,  
to display to the wide universe more of  
Him, who made it, than was known be-  
fore it began its round.

'Yes Time! to thee the wondrous theme  
belongs,

That shall exalt seraphic songs,  
The heavenly hierarchy see  
With hallowed admiration,  
The glory of the ransomed church; their  
tongues,

Their lyres respond to loftier notes of  
praise,

And love, redeeming love, shall raise  
Devotion's raptured ecstasies,  
To their sublimest, sweetest key,  
While saints or seraphs live, or rolls Eter-  
nity.

Go then, swift traveller! nor stay  
Thy silent, yet continuous flight;  
Spread thy broad pinions! haste away  
Toward duration infinite!  
Fulfil thy round of years!  
Let human hopes and fears  
Depress or gild thee with illusions bright.  
Soon as the shadowy visions of the night,  
Before the bursting beams of morning flee,  
This earth, these heavens, shall vanish  
from the sight!

But God, the Eternal One, the Almighty  
Three,

Shall live, shall reign in immortality!

M. ALOES.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.*

#### THE TEAR OF PENITENCE.

Hast thou seen the tear of sorrow  
Falling from the fair one's eye;  
She who fell from paths of virtue,  
Heaving the repentant sigh?

Hast thou still refused forgiveness,  
Sternly driven her from thy door,  
Far away from thee to wander,  
And, perchance, return no more?

Hast thou? Think, oh, think of Jesus,  
He has heard her prayers and sighs;

He can feel—for, when a pilgrim,  
Tears bedew'd his gracious eyes.

Hast thou driven her from thy dwelling?  
She has found no place of rest;  
Breathed her last, but now reposes  
Far away in Jesus' breast.

ALIQUIS.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.*

#### A LEAF FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

Oh! there are times when the spirit,  
worn, and burdened with care, droops  
within. There are times when this cor-  
poreal casket sinks to earth, that noble,  
deathless part to which it is wedded:  
times when bitter and corroding thoughts  
press into the mind and wrap life in ut-  
ter desolation. The past only reflects  
back its painful images, while the joyless  
present, veils itself in darkness, and sable  
clouds gather thick around to obscure the  
future. Then fond hope almost departs;  
lofty aspirations, with their ardent long-  
ings after something better, are quenched.  
So intense is the bitterness of soul  
that words and tears are but a faint index  
to the depths of its anguish. At such  
times, I would leave the crowd and wan-  
der forth among the beauteous hills, and  
strive to forget my cares, while commun-  
ing with sweet nature, as she whispers  
in her shady forests, and by her sounding  
streams,—mysteries, which delight and  
exhilarate the soul. Here, while gazing  
on nature's varied loveliness, oblivion of  
our griefs and cares is won. Her low  
and soothing voice, reaches and inspires  
the soul, which, freed from its fetters, un-  
folds once more its pinions, and in its  
native element, again soars on high.—  
There is something in the boundless and  
free air, which, while it makes the pulse  
beat quick and strong, breathes new life  
into the drooping spirit.

The invigorating breeze, pure from the  
mountain's summit, quickens the step,  
causes the heart to exult, and breathes  
a new life into our whole being. Our



spirits are joyous, when, free and unloosed from earth, they roam on high, like the winds, those chainless, viewless messengers of the skies. SOBRIETAS.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.*  
WEEP NOT FOR ME.

BY AN UNDER GRADUATE OF CAMBRIDGE.

When the spark of life is waning,  
Weep not for me;  
When the languid eye is straining,  
Weep not for me;  
When the feeble pulse is ceasing,  
Start not at its swift decreasing,  
'Tis the fettered soul's releasing:  
Weep not for me.

When the pangs of death assail me,  
Weep not for me;  
Christ is mine—He cannot fail me—  
Weep not for me;  
Yes, though sin and doubt endeavor  
From his love my soul to sever,  
Jesus is my strength forever:  
Weep not for me.

*Ch! weep not for me Mary*  
*Anecdote of Dr. Young.*—As Dr. Edward Young was one day walking in his garden, in company with two ladies (one of whom he afterwards married), his servant hastened to inform him that Lord ——— had called, and was then waiting to speak with him. 'Give my duty to his lordship,' said the doctor, 'and tell him that I am too pleasantly engaged at the present moment.' 'What! not attend upon your friend, your patron, your every thing?' exclaimed the ladies; 'you must go—you shall go,' and so saying they led him to the garden gate, pushed him out, and shut the gate upon him, when the doctor, turning round and casting his eyes full upon them through the lattice work, addressed them in the following beautiful extemporaneous effusion:

'Thus Adam looked, when from the garden driven,  
Thus disputed orders sent from heaven:  
Like him I go, and yet to go am loath;  
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.  
His case was hard, but mine's still more resigned—  
His Eve went *with* him, *mine* stays behind.'

THE OPENING YEAR.

Another year has winged his airy flight,  
Still wrapt the future in mysterious night;  
An eager haste we feel;  
We long, we hope, and e'en swift time  
seems slow,  
Inquiring ask, while yet we would not  
know,  
What may this year reveal?

A year may bring the wounded mind repose,  
O'erwhelm the happy with unnumbered woes;  
May ease the captive's doom;  
A fleeting year, ere it is passed and gone,  
May add fresh beauty to the form of one,  
Decay another's bloom.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.*

PIETY AND SENSIBILITY.—One day, a poor pious woman called upon two elegant young ladies, who received her with christian affection, regardless of her poverty, and sat down in the drawing room, to converse with her on religious subjects. While thus employed, a brother, a dashing youth, by chance came in and appeared astonished to see his sisters thus situated and employed. One of them instantly started up, saying, 'Brother, don't be surprised; this is a king's daughter, though she has not yet got on her fine clothes.' R.

*For the Ladies' Pearl.*

ON PARTING.

The time of parting is the time of pain  
The weeping minstrel sings,  
'Perchance we ne'er may meet again!  
And thus the pathos brings.

The time of parting is the time of love,  
Affection's soul aroused;  
The throbbings in the dark mind move,  
In sympathy unloosed.

The time of parting is the time of dread,  
When fancy's mirror shows,  
Through dark distress and sorrow lead,  
The hope of life in woes.

The time of parting is the time to prove  
The sinews of the heart,  
When all the constancy of love  
Is summoned alert.

The time of parting is the time to muse  
On providence and grace;  
This points the way of life to choose  
That shields from sad disgrace!

The time of parting is the time to weep—  
'The last farewell be thine!'  
But sick'ning recollection keep  
The agony that's mine. J. A-M-G.

*Cheerfulness superior to Mirth.*—Cheerfulness is an act—mirth, a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient; cheerfulness, fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such exquisite gladness, prevents us falling into depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

#### Editorial.

THE NEW YEAR.—Once more we make our best bow to the thousands of our fair readers, and wish them a happy new year. We congratulate them on their entrance upon another annual revolution of Time. We thank them for their goodly society through the past year. We trust our intercourse has been mutually satisfactory, and we hope our fellowship through the new born year may be unbroken. On our part, no pains shall be spared to furnish them with a monthly feast, sufficiently rich to satisfy the appetite of the most fastidious epicure. All we ask, ladies, in return, is your smile and, pardon our selfishness, your faithful regard to our subscription list.—Give us these, and we are content to drudge on in patient toil for the prosecution of your happiness.

But we are too fast. We do want something more. We believe it is customary, in many places, at 'New Year's,' for friends to pay visits of ceremony. Now, we are *ambitious*—ambitious of a larger circle of acquaintance; therefore, we solicit our

present friends to honor us with an introduction to their peculiar circles. Who will do us the honor?

CORSETS.—Pardon us, gentle fair one, for mentioning this mystic name out of your *boudoir*. For, really, we wish to communicate some important ideas on these plausible enemies of your sex—these *deceitful* enemies, whose *embrace* is death. The following paragraph, from the lips of Dr. Green, a physiologist, demands your most sober thought.

'An adult man, if *unconfined*, takes in forty-six inches of air in a breath, but a great difference is found even when in his *ordinary dress*—then, he takes in only *thirty-two* inches. If, then, in a man in the expansion of his chest, a coat and vest cause one-fifth less, what must be the effect of the lacings and paddings now so generally employed by females? There is not a medical man who is not a daily witness of the consequences. We look for the bright and beautiful beings we have known in our youth, and where are they? Alas! they have listened to the dictates of fashion, and life has been literally crowded out of the room. We look on an emaciated form, the light garland seems a burden on her brow—the bright color is faded, and a look of decay has taken its place; thus a life, the morning of which began so brightly, is ending in sadness and gloom. This is no fancy sketch! Beyond all doubt, corsets are exerting a destructive influence on the health and lives of our families. In my opinion, ALCOHOL IS NOT MORE DESTRUCTIVE TO MEN, THAN CORSETS ARE TO WOMEN!'

VASTLY IMPORTANT TO LADIES!—A new fashioned bonnet! is announced in the Lady's Book, under the imposing title of AMAZON BONNET. Its material is a fine East India grass; it is parti-colored, and resembles a rich silk; is light, durable and exceedingly pretty; and it may be worn at all seasons. As to its price, deponent saith not. We predict its destiny: it will be very fashionable.

A QUESTION. Where is the prettiest, brightest, sweetest spot in all the earth? We opine our readers will all respond alike—My Home!

# THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

WORDS BY MISS M. L. BEEVOR—MUSIC BY THOMAS WILLIAMS.

*Andantino Espresso.*

tr

Fare - well, mother! tears are streaming, Down thy

*mol.*

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line, the middle is the piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the bass line. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Andantino Espresso' and the dynamics include 'mol.' (molto).

pale and ten - der cheek; I in gems and

This system contains the next three staves of music, continuing the vocal and piano parts.

ro - ses . . beaming, Scarce this sad fare - - well may

tr

This system contains the next three staves of music. It includes a trill (tr) and a triplet (3) in the vocal line.

Speak. Fare - well, Mother! now I . . leave thee,

*sf*

This system contains the final three staves of music on this page. It includes a triplet (3) and a fortissimo (sf) dynamic marking.



Hopes and fear my bo - som swell— One to

trust who may de - ceive me: Fare - - well, Mother!

Fare thee well!

2

Farewell, Father! thou art smiling,  
 Yet there's sadness on thy brow,  
 Winning me from that beguiling  
 Tenderness to which I go.  
 Farewell, Father! thou didst bless me,  
 Ere my lips thy name could tell,  
 He may wound! who can caress me—  
 Father! Guardian! fare thee well!

3

Farewell, Sister! thou art twining  
 Round me in affection deep,  
 Wishing joy, but ne'er divining  
 Why "a blessed bride" should weep.  
 Farewell, brave and gentle Brother!  
 Thou more dear than words can tell,  
 Father! Mother! Sister! Brother!  
 All beloved ones, fare ye well!